

MARGO SWISS**Maternal Eros**
For Jonathan

Before you entered the world
 God knew you perfectly;
 you were to Him
 as though his only one.

Yet loving
 (in His way) unjealously,
 He gave you to me
 to harbour wholly
 unseen.

Bathed in dark,
 you grew, in time to pursue
 your gallant path to light:
 infant, boy, adolescent and
 before me now—

a man
 standing fast
 in God's footsteps.

I faint for
 love of
 you!

Margo Swiss's poetry appears earlier in this volume.

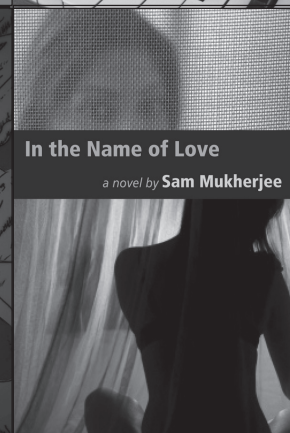
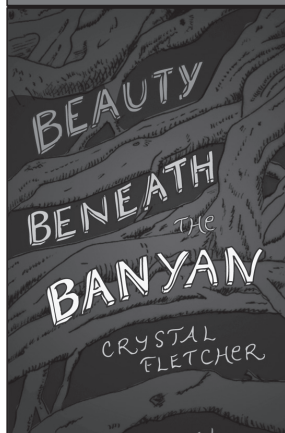
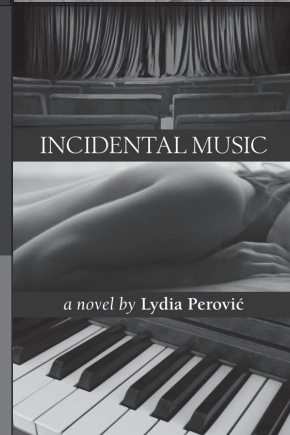
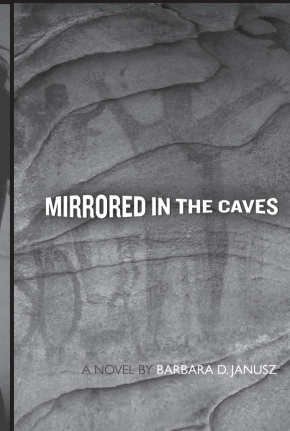
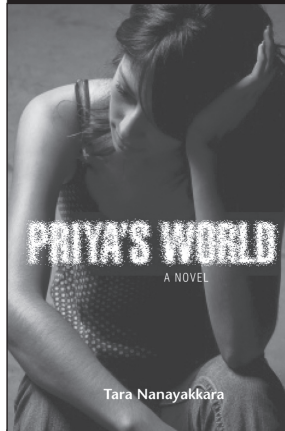
JOANNA M. WESTON**Looking Forward**

this new language
 foreign to childhood
 teen years twenties
 The language of aging

I have been young
 been at play at work
 raised children farmed

no need to struggle
 with the angst of youth
 as I accommodate myself
 to the vocabulary
 of memory

Joanna Weston's poetry appears earlier in this volume.

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